

action off Formosa. They went into Lingayon Gulf on S-Day. Prior to that, they were a member of the celebrated Task Force 58. He will have many bronze battle stars on his Theater ribbon when he comes home. . . . There isn't much else that I can tell you. I've tried to report this in detail, but there is much emotion and feeling which are difficult to express and which, I am sure, you will detect between the lines. If one were to think too much about the tragedy of this war and the separations it entails, one could become very unhappy indeed. I think that we had all better remember that this will be over some day, and we will be able to rest easily with our consciences for having tried to do a job, whether or not it is about anything. And most of us out here think it is about something. Some elements at home think we're suckers, and maybe we are. It would be easy to be sent home with a diagnosis of psychoneurosis, and plenty of men are doing it every day. But I prefer as a person one who is able to make the best of a bad situation and who can preserve equanimity and humor while everything within him cries to return to the things he loves but has always before taken more or less for granted. People who have never been overseas cannot possibly imagine the values which attach to everything and anything back home. Your Willie is one of those who can take it and keep all of the little sensitive qualities we all love so well.

"My meeting with Bill will be one of those things we will always remember. You may be disappointed in the brevity of my stay with him. But you can't visualize, because I cannot describe the difficulty of obtaining even that 20 minutes. There is no sentiment about that. Vital shipping isn't used for personal visits. Bill and I know that and are appreciative. . . . When you don't hear from Bill, remember there are dog-tiring watches to keep, heavy seas to bounce you around, rigid black-outs to maintain, little space of one's own -- and a million other things. Bill will be back with you one of these days, and before the war is over, I am sure. Just keep your eye on that date and don't let extraneous factors intrude upon your serenity and happiness."

-- --

Another pair of brothers are Milton P. and Robert E. Allen. Milton volunteered for sea duty and is now doing his second hitch at Harvard University. He is a Lt. (jg). Isabel, his wife, and their flaming-haired 7-year-old Judy, are with him in Boston. They were fortunate to find an apartment for the next three months, then Mit will report for active sea duty somewhere.

Only today Bob received a communication from the War Department stating that because of an immediate need of medical officers in the Navy, an agreement has been entered into whereby a number of doctors in the Army medical corps will be honorably discharged from their commissions in the Army in order to serve in the U. S. Navy medical corps as lieutenants (jg). Bobby is accepting and waiting for his application to fill out. These medical officers will be with the landing craft, landing with assault troops. I am told that in some cases the medical officers, after 7 minutes from the time they hit the beach, have their medical unit set up and are receiving casualties.

So maybe Mit and Bob will be seeing each other in their passing. Had this communication from the War Department not been received, Bob would have gone into active service with the Army medical corps as a first lieutenant the first of July. As it is now, we have three sons in the Navy. Jane's husband, Lt. E. R. Mons, a Navy pilot, is now in the Carolines. He said, when he was writing to Jane and the rest of us at home, "If you notice any unsteadiness in the handwriting it might be due to the vibration of the big guns." Someone suggested it might be target practice! In the next Rebounds we will give you Bob's address, but he can be reached now at the University of Kansas Hospitals at Kansas City, Kansas, and his mail will be forwarded.